THE DEMOCRAT

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU. . MISSOURL

THE LAST PESSIMIST.

There was once a queer little wizened man, With a burning and baleful eye. Whose heart was sore with the hate it held For the lights that blaze on high And when at evening the sun went down, And the planets in glory shone.

He would dance about in a frenzied way
And mutter and curse and groan.
One night when his soul was a fiery thing Of hatred and discontent. He put out a star that winked at him-His passion had found a vent.

And night after night, as time went by, The hour of his rapture came; And star after star was turned as black As the coals that follow flame Then darker and darker grew the sky. And madder the weird man's mood. He swallowed the giories that passed away

As a hungry imp his food. Some nights his horrible fantasy Would ruin a thousand stars: Where once had glittered the gems of light Gaped nothing but bald, black scars. And ever and ever, as time went by. His hunger for gloom increased He wiped the disper from off the sky-That night he had had a feast.

Then once when his soul was unsatisfied, And he hated the thought of day, This madeap man in his misery Made ink of the milky way. And still the sun and the moon came up. Though dim at the ends of space. While he swore the universe should not bear

One smile upon its face.

And ever his power increased and grew.

Till the moon became his prey. And with one fell swoop he swamped the sun And ended the final day. And all men died, save the little fiend, Who groveled in sore affright:

Then he too, perished, and dying cried:
"Oh, God! for a ray of light!"

-Edward S. Van Zile, in Once a Week.

COWSLIP GREENS.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.



HEN I enjoyed my victuals there wa'n't nothin' that I thought so much of as a mess of cowslip greens," said Mrs. Tibbetts, plaintively, survey ing a huge pan filled with tropical-looking leaves and brilliant

yellow blossoms. "And the blows carry me right back to East Macedony and the pretty smells there used to be there in the spring of the year. Seems as if spring hadn't a fair chance here in Potiphar City. Your father used to like a mess of pork and greens-"

'Oh, ma, I wish you wouldn't want such dreadfully vulgar things!" Addie Luella, who was sixteen, had tears of vexation in her pretty blue eyes. "And I wish you could get over East Macedonia. The Parkhursts came from there, too, but who would think it? They're the very first people in Potiphar City and-and Augusta wouldn't invite me to the Charity club tableaux."

The reason for the little fine puckers that had been all day between Addie Luella's brows had come out now. Mrs. Tibbetts looked vaguely perplexed and troubled; she dimly comprehended that to have a mother oblivious of grammar and of social aspirations made life full of pin pricks for

In Potiphar City one was nothing if not stylish. Fifteen years before, the ity had been a strip of unreclaimed prairie; now it was a great lumber town with most of the appliances of civilization and all the fashions. Hiram Tibbetts, coming from East Macedonia, in Maine, did his share in reclaiming the prairie and made a fortune in lumber. "Pa" was quite a magnate of Potiphar City; but of what use was that, demanded Addie Luella, with tears, if ma would be so common and old-fashioned.

"I guess you'll have to do your social climbin' without your ma," said good Hiram Tibbetts, gazing with pride upon his pretty daughter. "Pa" did understand a little.

'It don't seem a mite like Adeline Parkburst to get so stuck up," said Mrs. Tibbetts, reflectively. "When we was girls to East Macedony, there wa'n't nobody so intimate as Adeline and me; and I named you for her and she named Augusty for me. Enoch Parkhurst and your father are second cousins, too, and it's a dretful clannish family; they stick to one 'nother through thick and thin. But your father and Enoch had difficulty about some rail-



"COWSLIP GREENS!"

road stocks and hain't never spoke to each other sence; and then their goin' tone. Enoch Parkhurst arose and left to another meetin', and Adeline get- the table silently. He was a taciturn tin' so kind of high flyin'; not but what she's a real good woman and gives

"She isn't likely to have much to give away if what I've heard is true." This things only to be opened wider to othwas Hiram Tibbetts, Junior, a boy of ers; his wife and the children said he seventeen, who had just come in with the importance of a possessor of news. "It's a secret; I overheard pa and another man talking about it. Parkhurst is in an awfully tight place; they think he'll fail: then his mills will be closed: they say he's made an awful struggle to keep 'em open all winter and-don't you breathe it to anybody-but they're afraid there'll be a run on the bank

when he began to get into trouble, and there are doubts about the way some of the bank's money is invested."

"Do you suppose there won't be any tableaux, Hi?" asked Addie Luella, faltered her daughter.

breathlessly. "Oh, 'Gusta don't know anything either. I saw them driving around this morning with that pair of spanking bays and a new carriage. I suppose he thinks he must keep up appear-

"I'm glad we don't have to," said Mrs. Tibbetts, drawing a long breath. "I declare, if we have gone such dif'runt ways I feel a nearness to Adeline when she's in trouble. Kind of queer that I was thinkin' of her this how she would take it, sendin' you mornin'. I expect 'twas because seein' them cowslips in a peddler's wagon fetched old times right back to me. I run right out and bought all he hadly what to do with 'em all. Your

greens." Addie Luella sighed heavily; but she helped herself to all the blossoms, and made of her boudoir what her friend, Trixy Wainwright, called a symphony in vellow with them, and filled a great she didn't like the candles with which Addie Luella persisted in lighting the table; she said candles were "old-fash- never acquired any manner at all. ioned in East Macedony when she was a girl, and what was the sense of ma!" cried Addie Luella, in a tumult

"Pa" looked askance at the cowslip greens; be said he used to like 'em when he was a boy; but he guessed with his dyspepsy he wouldn't resk it. Mrs. Tibbetts looked at the neglected dropped into oblivion the coldness and dish of greens and had an inspiration (she kept it private, as she did many of large white apron (trimmed with homeher inspirations, lest they should be made lace, Addie Luella's despair) over frowned upon by Addie Luella). She put some of the greens, with a slice of pork on the top, into a dish of the old clover-leaf china that was her mother's they seemed to belong in something old-fashioned-and sent them to Miss Lucretia Lund, who had come from Maine to keep house for her brother. She placed the dish in a dainty basket and slipped a card inside conveying her compliments: that would impart a little air of style to the affair, which was desirable in view of the fact that Addie Luella might find it out.

"Cowslip greens from Mrs. Hiram Tibbetts; that's what the servant said." Miss Lucretia Lund took the cloverleaf china cover off the dish and sniffed daintily. Then she looked across the table at her brother-for the basket had been brought in while they were at dinner-and made a wry face "Of course it's very kind of her, but what queer messes these western people do have!" she said. For Miss Lucretia was only about thirty, had lived in a Maine city, and never in her life had heard of cowslip greens. "We can't eat them-pork, just think of it! But it seems they're a delicacy; and I think I'll send them around to Mrs. Parker, who sent me that delicious pineapple preserve; it is so much the fashion here to send dainties about."

"Cowslip greens, with my compliments to Mrs. Parker, Mike," she said to her servant, and dispatched the basket, all unwitting of the card which Mrs. Tibbetts had slipped into it.

The Parkers were dining when the basket arrived; but the meal was a And it may as well be here hurried one, because one of the chil- that Mrs. Tibbetts managed dren had been taken suddenly ill with tonsilitis

"Cowslip greens? dear me, I don't know what they are," said Mrs. Parker: "but I am sure they must be very nice, for Miss Lund is a tine housekeeper. We don't care for greens at all; I think I'll send them around to Mrs. Parkhurst. Her mother, a very old lady from Maine, is visiting her, and pork and greens are so old-fash-

ioned. Mrs. Parker didn't see Mrs. Tibbetts' card in the basket, and her messenger, who was sent for the doctor at the same time, gave the basket to one of the Parkhursts' maids without any explanation. The Parkhurst family had got to their after-dinner coffee by the time the basket reached them. As it had come mysteriously, Mrs. Parkhurst looked for some token of the donor, and found the card.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and her face flushed as she read the name aloud.

"Augusty Tibbetts! why Adelinewhy Adeline! and cowslip greens, in the clover-leaf chiny that was her mother's-the chiny that Augusty Pritchard had when he married Nahum French! It's just as if 'twas yestidday." The wrinkled hands that bled visibly, and a tear came near falling upon the pork and greens. Grandma was childish, the Parkhurst children thought.

"I don't see how she came to do it,"

murmured Mrs. Parkburst. "It's holdin' out the olive branch. Adeline, and it ain't Christian not to take it so!" said the old woman, brokenly. "Life is too short for lastin' bitterness; we was young together, and like own folks! Why, Enoch and

Hiram Tibbetts are own folks." "'Sh!" Mrs. Parkhurst laid her hand on her mother's, and glanced warningly at her husband.

"They're the kind that hold a grudge -both of them," she said, in a low man by nature, and of late the habit of silence had grown upon him. The old lady said she thought Enoch was burdened; old eyes are dimmed to some was always so; he had so many busi-

ness cares. As he closed the dining-room door behind him Enoch Parkhurst put his hand to his head.

"Hiram Tibbetts! he could save me, he murmured; "he would have done it once-now it is impossible."

"Adeline, you'll take me to-morrow to see Augusty Tibbetts, won't you?" that he's president of; he hasn't done grandma was saying as the door closed. ruin thee .- George Herbert.

anything wrong, but he lost his head "When Augusty has come more'n halfway so, seems as if 'twas the least you

> "We haven't spoken for so long, and she is-is in such a different set,"

"I would really have liked to have Addie Tibbetts in the tableaux," said about it yet, of course, nor her mother | Augusta Parkhurst, a seventeen-yearold girl, whose very plainness was stylish, Addie Luella said. "She would make a beautiful Bluebeard's wife-with her head hung up, you know, her hair is so long and light; but she isn't in our set'

"I don't know how Augusta would take it," pursued Mrs. Parkhurst, meditatively. "I should think she had shown you

cowslip greens on her mother's clover-

leaf chiny," insisted grandma. The next day the prancing bays and the new carriage stopped at the Tiband now I don't know as I know exact- betts' door. There had been some anxious and angry looks cast after them, father used to like a mess of pork and as they passed the mill, by workmen who had heard that the bread was soon to be taken from their children's mouths; but the two occupants of the carriage were quite oblivious of such troubles. Grandma, radiant with delight, holding the basket containing punch bowl with them to decorate the the precious china on her knee, and dinner table. "Ma" said she loved to Adeline Parkhurst, wondering whethsmell posles when she was eating; but er all her acquired society manner would enable her to be quite at her ease with "poor Augusta," who had

havin' 'em when they had electric, of delight, and earnestly hoping that everybody was looking. "Oh, ms, ma, won't you wait till Jenkins opens the

door!" she wailed. But Augusta Tibbetts' simple soul and kindly heart had, in an instant, social slights of years; she threw her



NOTHING LESS THAN A SIDEWALK WELL COME WOULD DO.

her shoulders and hurried down the steps; nothing less than a sidewalk welcome would do for Adeline and gran'ma'am. She was a simple soul, but after all

she showed herself quick of wit; she felt only a moment's perplexity about the cowslip greens and of that she "I won't tell 'em it's all a mistake

about my sendin' 'em-not till I have to," she said to herself. "And if I can make Lucretia Lund keep still I don' know as I ever will!"

that Mrs. Tibbetts managed the affair with such truly Machiavellian diplomacy that the little comedy of errors was never discovered by the final recipient of her cowslip greens.

It was a delightful call. Adeline Parkhurst forgot that she had acquired a society manner, and Augusta Tibbetts forgot that Addie Luella was being mortified by her bad grammar. They talked of "far away and long ago," and the broken friendship was cemented by laughter and tears.

Hiram Tibbetts listened in silence to his wife's story of Adeline Parkhurst's visit and the renewal of the old friendship; she had felt a little uncertain how pa would take it, he was one to hold a grudge; but her delight had to have vent.

"Mebbe I shouldn't have feit quite so pleased if I hadn't been thinkin' considerable of East Macedony-as I do, come spring o' the year," she murmured, apologetically.

"And Augusta has sent me an invitation to take part in the tableaux! I'm to be Bluebeard's last wife-not just one of the heads hung up in a row!" cried Addie Luella joyously. Her father's rugged features reflected Addie Luella's joy.

"He's felt her little slights if he is a man. She takes after him in thinkin' lifted the clover-leaf china cover trem- so much of them kind of things," thought Addie Luella's mother.

"I've been thinkin', ma," said Hiram Tibbetts, huskily, and a little shamefacedly, to his wife the next morning -"I've been thinkin' that mebbe I'd better help Enoch Parkhurst a little. It's so's I can about as well as not"-

"I was hopin' you would, pa!" cried Mrs. Tibbetts, joyfully. "Itain't worth the while to hold grudges and-mebbe you was some to blame."

There were only a few who ever knew how Enoch Parkhurst weathered his financial storm: but the mills did not close and there was no run upon the bank: instead of those catastrophes he seemed to be entering upon a new era of prosperity, and Potiphar City felt renewed confidence in the soundness of its rich men.

And Addie Luella really was Bluebeard's last wife in the tableaux. Being a simple soul, to whom it is natural to share her experiences. Augusta Tibbetts has sometimes wanted to tell. but she has so far contented herself by saying aloud, when she was quite

" 'Twas all an overrulin' Providence -and them cowslip greens!"-N. Y. Independent.

-Pursue not a victory too far. He hath conquered well that hath made his enemy fly; thou mayest beat him to a desperate resistance, which may

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

-There are something like forty thousand public schools in Japan. The buildings are comfortable and education is compulsor;.

-The Methodist National university, Washington, D. C., Has received an endowment of \$100,775 for the chair of history from a New York woman. The fund for the proposed hall of history now amounts to \$101,250.

-It is estimated that the Protestant churches of America, Great Britain and Europe are represented in their work for other lands by 9,000 missionaries and more than 50,000 native workers, and have expended during the past year about \$12,500,000.

-Rev. Dr. Merrick, S. J., former president of St. Francis Xavier's college, has returned to New York after an absence of some years. Ill-health obliged him to retire for a time from active duty, and he has spent the last few years in comparative quiet in Bos-

-The famous Dr. Duff once said to an Edinburgh audience that if the ladies of that city would give him merely the cost of that portion of their silk dresses that swept the pavements of the streets he would, with that money, support all his mission schools in In-

-A Press Prayer union, to associate In Christian interest persons connected with the press, has been formed in London. It is hoped that similar organizations for promoting the spiritual well being of those who are engaged on the press will be formed in other large centers.

-The Biddeford (Me.) school board proposes to build an addition to the school building in the town, and the citizens have suggested that the addition take the form of a high board fence, built in front of the building, in order to "hide the architectural monstrosity from the public gaze."

-Gen. Booth, in one of his recent salvation talks in Scotland, referring to the angels who had warned Lot and his family to leave the doomed city said: "I do like these angels. When I go to Heaven and have got over the first surprise at all I shall see there I'll go and have a cup of tea with them.

-One of the most remarkable churches is to be found at Freudenthal, in the Black Forest. It is built on such a plan that the men are unable to see the women, and vice versa, for it is composed of two wings, which meet at an angle where the pulpit stands. The right wing is allotted to men and the left one to women of the congregation.

-Cincinnati has a new \$1,500 "gospel wagon"-a gift to a Methodist society of that town from T. A. Snyder, a rich layman. It is fitted in elegant style, the body being of sage green, with jet moldings, while the interior is finished in cream enamel. Fourteen people can be seated comfortably, while space in the center is reserved for the preacher.

-The Order of St. Monica is an order of widows. It is an Episcopal organization, and its head is Sister Caroline, the widow of Rev. Ferdinand Ewer, of New York. It was formed in 1884, but its members were somewhat scattered and engaged in different pursuits until recently, when they have been invited to reunite at Springfield, Ill., and to take charge of an orphanage there.

-The Baptist Union throws out a warning note concerning those Sabbath school teachers who are usually attacked about this season of the year with what it calls the "give-ups." For this deplorable malady it offers the following prescription: "Rise early Sunday morning, read over the Sunday lesson, think over the list of children in the class, recall the anxiety of the superintendent; having taken these preliminary steps, take a few doses of patience, use a few grains of common sense, take a brisk walk toward the Sunday-school room, ask God to bless the medicine and repeat one week later.

ETHICS OF GOOD CLOTHES.

A Word of Advice to Women in Business. The business weman can not afford to disregard the conventionalities of dress. She who is wisest and most farseeing follows in the wake of presentday fashions, avoiding exaggeration or absurdities so far and so long as possible, but even adopting them when she finds herself forced to do so or remain conspicuous among women.

Men have small patience with the woman who departs from conventional dress standards, nor have they much admiration for that other woman who holds all matters of dress in contempt and regards her clothes as a question of covering only.

The woman whose dress is neat, stylish, becoming and suitable to the time and place is the woman with whom they like best to deal. They do not want diamond earrings to flash in their eyes when dictating to their stenographer, but they resent it almost as an affront to themselves if her dress is antiquated in pattern, illfitting and unbecoming. True, they have not deep objections to dress reform so long as it is cleverly concealed. They do not object to an uncorseted figure when the carriage is such that the lack of corsets can not be detected; but they are very apt to make remarks about the poor woman who throws away her stays and does not learn to

use her backbone. Good clothes may not be an essential to success, but they are more or less of an index of ourselves, and it is only the women who are sure of their position in every way who can afford to let the index be misleading. Business women who are depending upon their own exertions for a comfortable livelihood dare not do so.-San Francisco Argonaut.

-Mrs. Figg-"Dear me! You never come into the house without making an attack on that dish of doughnuts." Joey-"Yes, maw; a home run doesn't count unless a feller hits the plate, you know."

A NEGRO'S GRATITUDE.

An Instance of Rare Faithfulness on the Part of an Ex-Slave.

A wealthy slave-owner of the cotton belt entered the southern army, fought bravely and brilliantly, and died in one of the closing battles of the war. His widow was left penniless, with large plantations incumbered with mortgages, and a hundred or more emancipated negroes who had ceased to be her property.

Her business affairs were misman aged by agents and lawyers, and she lost one plantation after another. Her health failed, and in her old age she became wholly dependent upon one of her former slaves.

This negro was grateful to her for having given him a start after the war. Learning from experience that she could not manage her plantations successfully, she had rewarded the fidelity of a small group of emancipated slaves by deeding over to them out-right small farms. This negro received in this way a farm of twenty-six acres with a cabin.

He prospered from the outset. He made a living out of his ground, and saved every year a little money. In the course of a few years he bought another farm and doubled his resources. Other purchases followed. until he was a truck farmer with considerable wealth.

He did not forget his old plantation mistress in his prosperity. When she had lost all her property, and there was no other friend to take care of her in her old age, this negro rescued her from destitution. He became her most faithful friend.

Both are still living. On the first day of every month the negro farmer draws a check for one hundred dollars, and sends it to the aged lady whose slave he was in boyhood. At first she was unwilling to become his pensioner, but he pressed help upon her with tears in his eyes, telling her that he would never have got on in the world if she had not generously aided him by giving him the first farm.

His bounty is now her only recourse, and no millionaire in the land is hap pier than he is when "pay-day" comes around, and he can send his check to his kind-hearted "old misses."

The other negroes whom she befriended after the war have been either improvident or ungrateful, but one at least had the energy and thrift required for making him a well-to-do farmer, and the heart to take compassion on a friendless and unfortunate woman who had once been kind to

This is a true story, which illustrates the tender feeling sometimes existing between the negro and his former master, and the gratitude which good treatment may inspire even in a despised race.-Youth's Companion

HORNS OF THE BRONZE AGE. The Finding of Battle Trumpets of Old Among the masterpieces of the

bronze-worker which have come from that olden time to us are great bronze battle-horns, called by the Danes lur. These are truly gigantic. Twentythree specimens have been found in Denmark, all in peat bogs, and most of them in pairs. For years a dozen of these lurs hung in the museum silent. Recently Dr. A. Hammerich secured permission to study them as musical instruments and to test them Finally, these were played upon before a large and enthusiastic audience, the king himself being present. Only a few times since have these old horns been sounded, but on one of these occasions we had the good fortune to be present. Two players from the operawere the performers; the court of the museum was filled with hearers. Wonderful, is it not, that horns two thousand years old, buried for long centuries in peat bogs, should, after this long silence, still be capable of giving out clear, ringing-even sweet-tones?

The conditions in which these lurs are found are most suggestive-always in peat bogs, usually in pairs. This could not be the result of accident. Other objects are found purposely laid away in the same manner; thus ten bronze hemispherical plates were found at one spot; nine fine bronze axes, all of one form, at another. Similar clusters of celts, spears, etc., are not uncommon. On one occasion about one hundred miniature boats of thin beaten gold were placed in a vessel and buried; such occurrences are not completely understood. - Prof. Frederick Starr, in Popular Science Monthly.

She Would Look It Up.

"Ah, my darling wife," said George the week after his marriage, "if your husband were to die what would you

"I don't know, I'm sure, George, said the wife, reflectively; "I never thought of that. I must look into my Book of Etiquette' and read the rules for young widows."-Chicago News.

Oulek at a Pun. Lady Morgan, the Irish novelist, was good at a pun. Some one spoke of the laxity of a certain bishop in regard to Lenten fasting and concluded: "I be

lieve he would eat a horse on Ash "And a very proper diet," said her ladyship, "if it were a fast horse."-Wit of Women.

Matrimonial Item.

"I understand young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire."

"Yes, so I am told. He will give up the law business and go into the sonin-law business."-Texas Siftings. Unnecessary Prescription.

Doctor-I should prescribe for you s walk before breakfast.

Mr. Popleigh-Good heavens, doctor! That's what's the matter with me now. have to take too many walks before breakfast.-Puck.

-The mother of Alexander the Great was said to have been a woman of great natural abilities, strong willed and singularly impulsive

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-Swift made a special study of the Latin satirist and imitated their style and language.

-Baxter read only the Bible, and best enjoyed the prophecies of Isaiah and the Psalms.

-Wadsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.

-Alexander the Great always slept with a copy of Homer under his pillow. His life was modeled after that of Achilles.

-Byron's mother was an ill-tempered passionate woman, very indiscreet in her language. She called him 'a crippled brat." Her influence on him was as permanent as it was bad. -Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson is liv-

ing in a house on Russian hill, Sam Francisco, with Mrs. Virgil Williams, widow of the artist who was one of Stevenson's intimates. To Mr. and Mrs. Williams the povelist dedicated "The Silverado Squatters." -It is said that the words, "Reserve the cots for the two most uninteresting

babies," always accompany the check which Miss Gould sends each year for the support of two beds in the babies' shelter connected with the Church of the Holy Communion, New York city. -Ole Olson came to East Lynne, Ia., from Sweden seven years ago and

bought a farm of 220 acres on time. A few days ago he sold at an advance of \$25 an acre. This, with what he made on the crops, gives him about \$15,000, and he and his family are going back to Sweden to live in luxury. -Capt. Francis Martin, of Detroit. who has just passed his ninety-fifth

birthday, was present at the burial of Gen. Bonaparte in 1831. Martin was coming from the East Indies on a trader and the ship stopped at the isle of St. Helena. The ex-emperor of France had just passed away, and Martin was one of the little group that witnessed the interment.

-An international list of anatomical terms, "Nomina Anatomica," has just been completed in Germany under the direction of Prof. Koliker, of Wurzburg. The editor is W. Krause. It is intended to secure uniformity in the use of terms throughout the world, and for this purpose will be revised by a standing committee of the Anatomical society, to which proposed changes in names and new terms must be sub-

-Rubinstein's "Christ" has been performed as a "religious play" on the state of the Bremen stadt theater. It is divided into seven scenes with a prologue and an epilogue. The prologue represents the birth of Christ, with the shepherds and the procession of the three kings. The scenes selected are the temptation in the wilderness, the baptism in Jordan, the sermon on the mount, followed by the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the repentance of Mary Magdalen, and the raising from the dead of the widow's son, the purification of the temple, the last supper, Christ before Pilate, and the crucifixion. The epilogue is the victory of Christianity. Raimund von Yurmuttlen took the part of Christ. Care was taken to carry out all the composer's ideas with regard to the representation. It was artistically successful and was received in a reverent spirit by the audience.

HUMOROUS.

-Bray -"My dear fellow-two ur brellas! What on earth is that for?" Jay-"Why, in case I leave one any-

where."-Tit-Bits. -Inference .- "I think Bilkens must go into very low society." "Why?" He says he has been best man at no less than twelve weddings."-Detroit Tribune.

picture at the academy last night." Gadabout-"I didn't see it. Where did it hang?" Takitin-"Oh, on his arm, principally."-Truth. -Casey-"Phat made Mulligan fall off de ladder? Did his fut shlip?"

-Takitin-"Artley had a perfect

Reilly-"It did not. Oi told him a joke an hour ago an' sure he just now tumbled."-Philadelphia Record. -Our English slang is very queen According to report.

-N. Y. Recorder. -Hojack-"The air seems rares than it used to be." Tomdik-"Well. perhaps it is rarer. You know that a good deal is being used in pneumatic bicycle tires now."-Harper's Bazar.

A 6-foot-6 high bank cashier

In his accounts is short

-An Illinois man, who has been travelling in Vermont, was not favorably impressed with the scenery. b' gosh," he said, "thar ain't a prairie in the hull dinged state that ain't tilted up to an angle of about forty-five degrees."-Puck.

-A tiny girl spoke very scornfully of babies. "Don't speak that way!" said her mother; "it isn't very long since you were a baby yourself." it," she said, looking what she felt. "and I'm ashamed enough of it!"-Boston Transcript.

-"Poor little creature!" exclaimed Uncle Allen to the mosquito that was buzzing about him. "There's room in this great world for both you and me. * * But you shouldn't try to crowd me," he added a moment later as the insect alighted on his nose. And he crushed it remorselessly. - Chicago Tri-

-"Do you smoke much?" asked Patlow. "Three a day on an average," said Dawkins. "Why, you've smoked nine to my knowledge to-day!" said Patlow. "Yes," said Dawkins. "Bux you must remember that I didn't smoke at all until I was fifteen. I'm catching up on the average."-Harper's Bazar. -"You needn't tell me the women

have no sense of humor," said Ricketta to Fosdick. "Well?" "I overheard a stuttering man propose once. He said: I l-l-love y-y-you d-d-devotedly, m-m-my d-d-d-dear B-B-B-Blanche. W-w-w-will y-y-you m-m-m-marry m-m-me? And after the delivery of this declaration on the installment plan, the minx had the audacity to say: 'Oh, George, this is so sudden."-Town

Topics.